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# *The* **Socialist Spirit**

## *The Fellowship*

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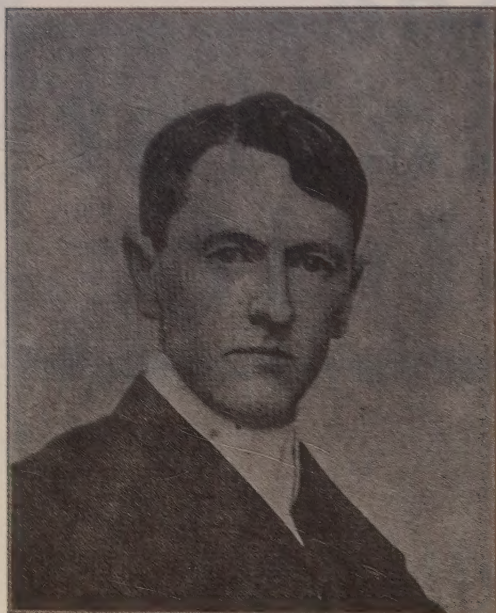
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# The Socialist Spirit

VOL. II

JANUARY, 1903

No. 5

## **A Do-Nothing Congress**

If it had not been for the Venezuelan flurry made by the debt-collectors of European capitalism—called "governments" by courtesy—no one ever need have known that Congress was in session before the holidays. Of all the vacillating, wabbly, do-nothing aggregations of misrepresentatives that have ever gathered at the national capital this last was the worst.

The brave entry of the trust-busters, each fresh from his stump-speaking with his epoch-making bill in his pocket, has faded into a memory. No one has done anything and no one was expected to do anything.

Some of these noble persons, who are getting \$5,000 a year for defending the people's liberties, feel called upon to make explanation of why they didn't do it.

It is a grotesque performance to any except the "good" citizen.

The most convincing excuse offered by congressmen for the manifest absence of any disposition to take steps toward the amendment of the inter-state commerce law (which was going to wipe the wicked trusts off the earth!) is that *it was impossible to get the railroads to assent to the proposed legislation.*

This is indeed deeply moving.

That a measure designed to check railway abuses should hang around waiting for the endorsement of the interests against which it is aimed is highly illuminative, and should be conclusive to all fair minds.

"Please, Mr. Railroad, our people are complaining. You must therefore understand our embarrassment as the people's representatives. Will you not please turn around, back up, and stand perfectly still while we administer to you a swift kick?"

And the railroads, the mean old things, won't do it.

Another statement pushed out into the open and brazenly labelled "excuse," is that the "large shippers" who might be expected to take an active interest in the matter have been apathetic.

Apathetic! Of course they have been apathetic.

It is the "large shippers" who have been getting the rebates. They are even more interested in maintaining the present system of rebates and discriminating rates than the railways themselves.

That elected servants should have the effrontery to offer these explanations as excuses for their doing nothing to cure railroad monopoly, *exposes the stupidity of the persons who elected them.*

If a Socialist, elected to any public body, should ever be foolish enough to

offer such an insult to intelligence to his constituents he would be suffocated in waves of derisive contempt.

These weak, mean-spirited slaves of capitalism, who still deem it necessary to throw some sop of mollification to those who elected them, were put into office by the little capitalists and those of the working class whom competitive philosophy still leads in mental slavery.

As it was Ignorance who elected these men they are serving their mistress to perfection.

It is astonishing that the middle class should be so slow in discerning the utter impotence of the men they are sending to Washington to preserve by legislative enactment the miserable little shred of independence they believe they still have.

Manhood has gone out of Washington and it will not reappear until the representatives of a political party of entire reconstruction set foot upon the floor of Congress.

#### The Lions in the Way

The members of the present Congress know perfectly well

what they are up against, and are not going to fly in the face of entrenched capitalism, while their backing is as weak as at present.

The annual report of the interstate commerce commission is an impotent wail.

It says that railroad consolidation is proceeding with great rapidity; that the control of the commission over the roads has become a cipher; that the national law as to discriminations is constantly violated; and that violations are shown but are not being and cannot be punished. Some time ago one of the interstate commissioners said in a public address that the great railroad systems of the country had fallen substantially under the control of four or five men.

The commissioner seems to have discovered what everybody else has known for some time. What he does not seem to have yet discovered, however, is that the railroads can no longer be disasso-

ciated from the other interests of capitalism. The railroad company and the "large shipper" are today practically one. They are the right and left fore-feet of the same beast. The railroad is today more than ever merely the club by which capitalism kills off the little shipper who thinks he has a "free" field.

Only a few weeks ago the Union Steel Company, even a big concern as big concerns go, was going to do awful things to the Schwab outfit. Now it has sold out to the latter. It must have collided with something unforeseen, for, if reports are true, it sold out to the Steel trust at cost. This is proof that it was not built especially to sell.

One of the big Eastern dailies hunting about for the reason makes the following comment:

If the steel trust is paying for the Union Steel Company's plants and property no more than they are actually worth, which is stated to be the case, then it is evident that the independent company has been clubbed into selling out, and the very interesting public question is raised as to the nature of the weapon used to induce the Union Steel Company to part with its property at about what it has cost the company, and before it had fairly started out on its enlarged business in competition with the trust. The theory finds voice that the trust was able to give the Union Steel Company to understand that an independent existence would be found troublesome and profitless. This might have been supposed to mean that the big trust would use an alleged substantial monopoly of the lake ore supply to kill the independent concern; but the latter is able to show actual possession of an adequate ore supply of its own, thus disproving the early trust claim of holding any exclusive monopoly of the upper lake ore beds.

So it wasn't a monopoly of ore. What was it, then, that made this big company get from under?

A little Pittsburg despatch to the New York Times might let in a gleam of light. It reads as follows:

It is said that the reason that impels these giant corporations to entertain merger propositions is that the control of the railroad "community of interest" in the transportation lines by the Morgan syndicate places even the larger independent plants in a disadvantageous position regarding the receipt of raw materials and the distribution of the finished product.



So here it is. The United States Steel corporation, *alias* the Morgan syndicate, *alias* the railroad monopoly, says to the Union Steel Company—and if reports be true will not be long in saying to Jones & Laughlin, the Cambria Steel Company, and other “independent” concerns—“Yes, yes. You have a very nice plant. You have ore-beds, too, and more or less coal. You can perhaps manufacture good stuff. But if you manufacture it you will have to sell it, and to sell it you will have to ship it, *and we are the lads who make the transportation raises not only for ourselves but for you, too.*”

“Let not your right hand know whom your left hand doeth. That’s us. Nice day, *isn’t* it? What’ll you take for your plant?”

The steel trust, like the other trusts, is not relying for its supremacy upon the economies of combined production and consequent ability to undersell smaller competitors; it is depending upon the arbitrary acts of monopoly and railroad discrimination to crush competitors. At the same time railroad monopoly rises to new heights of centralized control, bursting all bonds which the United States government has striven to put around it, openly defying the law and assuming the right and power to say who shall and who shall not do business in this country.

The question which the Socialist asks as he looks on at all this is “Whenever is the little capitalist going to get sick of the game?” Will anyone with intelligence enough to cut round-steak in a country butcher-shop keep on getting buffeted, kicked in the face, and generally maltreated, grinning as if he likes it? Can he dream for a moment that the gentlemen in Congress who ride home on passes with their sickly excuses at Christmas time are going to help him?

What are the operations of that part of his anatomy which he calls his brain? Is he going to keep on the rest of his miserable, fear-driven life, watching for a clean white cat to emerge from his bituminous coal cellar?

### The “Laws” That Are Making

There are to be laws, though. A certain amount of sand must be pounded. An eight-hour labor measure has got up to the senate, where in the next session it will be mercifully chloroformed. It looks now to the men who draughted it like a bantam rooster after an encounter with a weasel—hardly a feather on it and cold weather, too.

This is the inevitable fate of all labor bills introduced by the method of supplication. The workers will get the legislation they want when they do their supplicating at the ballot box.

Like the Inter-State Commerce Commissioners and the railroads, the “labor leaders” seem to be the only persons who make no important discoveries in the fields nearest to them. The rank and file of the workers seem to see quite clearly that if they want to be represented they must quit voting for the representatives of their economic enemies. A howling dervish has more sense than to elevate his enemy into a god to pray to.

Besides this “labor” bill, and a sad-eyed measure introduced by Senator Quarles of Wisconsin, “to prohibit corporations from reducing prices in particular territories where competition is springing up,” the Hepburn pure food bill seems to be the most revolutionary of the remaining hodge-podge. This bill passed the House, and forbids interstate and foreign commerce in adulterated or misbranded foods, beverages, candies, drugs, and canned goods. Of this measure the Outlook solemnly says:

It makes all adulterated or misbranded articles shipped from one state to another, or to a foreign country, liable to seizure and confiscation. The bill is given especial importance by reason of the fact that it deals with misbranded goods in precisely the same way that it is proposed to deal with trust-made goods, when the company making them violates the law to be enacted for the regulation of monopolies.

Ge! this is terrible. “It is proposed,” by a law “to be enacted.” When, where and by whom? One may suppose that if we were to raise a hand and ask please how is this inter-state pure food decree

to be enforced with the Inter-State Commerce Commission flat on its back and yelling for help, we would be told to go along and quit fooling.

One other thing Congress did before going home to eat its turkey. It voted \$500,000 for Mr. Roosevelt to "fight the trusts" with, and asked him for pity's sake to do something.



### Under The Rose

A do-nothing Congress, however, is not necessarily a bad one to manipulate in a sly way, and the anti-militarists do not seem to have awakened to the fact that there has been a bit of devil's work going on in the present Congress which merits even more than their usual outcry.

It is in a bill for the reorganization of the militia. It was sneaked past the dullards in the House, escaping protest, and is now up for the Senate's action. It provides, beyond the reorganization of the militia, for a volunteer reserve of 100,000 men, which it is not contemplated should be, and by no means is, a militia organization at all.

*None of its officers is to be appointed by state authorities and no governor will have the slightest control of that portion of it resident or quartered in his state. It is to be absolutely under the control of the president, and subject to his call for service either within or without the limits of the territory of the United States.*

The constitution expressly reserves to the states the power to appoint the officers of the militia. This volunteer reserve, therefore, cannot be a part of the organized militia of the country, and it has no place in a bill designed to effect a reorganization of the militia.

It is evident that the present Secretary of War, by and with the consent of the President and his Cabinet, is attempting to do by stealth what the people would frown upon if it were brought honestly and directly before them. This bill does not contemplate a militia reserve, but is

in effect a 100,000 increase of the standing army.

It is to give to the servants of capitalism in each state a body of armed men that can be used to quell local "labor disturbances" where the governor who may recognize the wrongs of the workers refuses to call out the militia.

President Cleveland at the request of the Chicago capitalists sent a detachment of the regular army into Illinois during the Pullman strike in the face of the protest of Governor Altgeld. This bill obviates such necessity, for it contemplates giving to Illinois a resident army, answerable only to commands from Washington—that is to say, Wall street.

In July, 1901, the union miners at Telluride, Colo., drove the scabs, whom the operators had imported to fill their places, over the range. The operators appealed to the governor of Colorado for the militia. Lieut. Governor David C. Coates sent an investigating committee instead, and not being able to use the force of the state against the citizens of the state, the operators made concessions and the union men went back to work.

But what if, instead of appealing to Denver, the mine operators might have appealed to Wall street—that is to say, Washington; as the late Mr. Pullman, Mr. Marshall Field and others did in Chicago?

The bill under discussion in the Senate is draughted to meet such emergencies. In view of the manner in which it is to be officered and the territorial scope of its possible military service, under any conditions, this proposed force has every essential characteristic of the regular army. The effect of the provision, if enacted, would be to give the country a regular military establishment, in active service, of from 60,000 to 100,000 men, as the president may direct, together with a regular army reserve of 100,000, the total force of trained soldiers at the president's personal beck and call being no less than 200,000 men.



And in order to bring into existence so large an army in the United States the prime movers of the scheme have cunningly attempted to impose the additional force of 100,000 upon the nation in the guise of a volunteer "militia" reserve.

It is indeed a weak administration which can be induced by capitalistic influence to blacken its record with such contemptible indirection.



### The Everlasting Tariff

The way the dead "statesmen" are coming to life in the daily

papers makes it seem like a premature theological Resurrection. All the old dismantled political hulks are pushing into the channel of tariff discussion as if they again expected to have a sail to spread sometime.

*Shall the tariff be revised?* Hail to our grandfathers! Hail to Grover Cleveland, and others of the Mighty Dead!

If the tom-fool durbar of India with its brass bands and elephants mad with pride did not convince us that we are still in the child-age, the resurrection of this tariff discussion would do it.

The grave solemnity with which the matter is being discussed would shame the frivolity of our monkey ancestors.

The Outlook, for example, says editorially in its issue of December 27, commenting upon the bill providing for the free importation of works of art created within fifty years prior to the date of their entry into this country:

Strong influences of the best kind will be brought to bear to secure a modification of our tariff system which is essential to the free artistic development of the country and to the reputation of the American as a man of sense and intelligence. The tariff on works of art is peculiarly exasperating because it protects nobody and because it has exposed us to a fire of well grounded criticism. So long as it remains, we officially declare ourselves to be a provincial people, whose fear of competition in a field which is open to the whole world, and in which excellence alone determines value, leads us to attempt ignorantly to foster by law that which laws cannot reach or affect—the development of the spirit of beauty and the creative spirit in art.

Just why this should not apply to books, hardware, and hemp rope, as well as to "works of art" passes understanding.

The only thing still more idiotic than a tariff is the idea of "protection" upon which it is based.

One incident of our Canadian frontier illustrates the statesmanlike character of this time-honored method of national pocket-picking.

Cattle, upon which there is an import duty, have a way of straying across the Canadian line into the United States at night. They cannot see the barrier in the dark, and walk through it as if it were not there. How to stop it; this, then, becomes a question for statesmen.

A barbed-wire fence at the boundary line would be unique, beautiful and effective. So it was proposed in Congress.

When the matter came to be considered in committee it was discovered that Canada could build the fence much cheaper than America could; *although Canada would build it with wire manufactured in the United States*, it being sold for less across the border than it is sold at home.

The discussion as to which country shall build the fence will probably not be ended before the coming of socialism, when we will not need it.

The gentlemen of Congress might meanwhile appoint the usual "commission" to junket abroad in search of a way out of the present difficulty.

Italy might furnish somewhat in the way of illumination.

The Italian government has erected along the Swiss-Italian frontier many miles of metallic netting, hung with bells. The object is to prevent contrabandists sending over the frontier dogs and other animals loaded with dutiable goods—a plan that has proved profitable to smugglers in the past, as it was carried out mainly when guards could not see. The dogs are trained to carry their loads to the accomplices of the smug-

glers on the other side of the line. The netting has not yet been carried the entire length of the frontier, but will soon be completed. No one can climb over it, as the bells would give warning of such an attempt. The height is thought to be too great for parcels to be thrown over. Experiments have proved that the cost of this netting will be fully covered by the extra duties obtained from persons who would otherwise escape. In the course of time a profit will be realized by the government.

And all this only because by taxing articles of consumption the propertyless classes can be made to bear the burdens of government.

"Let us protect the working class,—that they may stay inside the net and labor for our pleasure."

#### The School Teachers' Problem

Dr. William H. Maxwell, superintendent of the New York city schools, came out to Chicago last week to make a speech at the Convocation of the coal-oil University, and very properly took for his subject the proper recognition of the teacher's calling. After making several interesting statements, among which was that the average monthly salary paid to city elementary and high-school teachers is, for men, \$47.55, and for women \$39.17, while one-third of the teachers change their places every year, he made the following interesting conclusion as something which should be pondered by all persons interested in education:

Individual effort is not sufficient; the work before the teacher is as wide as humanity. It will never be even measurably accomplished unless teachers combine their forces and form themselves into societies for the accomplishment of common objects. When I speak of societies of teachers, I do not mean trades-unions or federations of labor. \* \* \* No possible conditions will ever justify a teachers' strike. \* \* \* I mean by the solidarity of teachers an organization to accomplish their high purpose under a code of professional ethics which will meet a standard of professional honor and professional duty transcending school board ordinances and statutory enactments.

Professional ethics! professional honor! professional duty!

What does Dr. Maxwell mean?

His whole argument seems but a covert expression of economic discontent, which he hopes to remedy without losing caste. He tries how not to say it.

The school teachers should lay well to heart the action of the Chicago Teachers' Federation in joining the Federation of Labor. Mrs. Brown's article in this issue of the *Socialist Spirit* makes the reasons for this action very clear. The time has gone by when the school teacher can keep up even an appearance of dignity by holding aloof from other wage-workers.

When bricklayers earn an average wage of four dollars, and carpenters three and a half, the teachers' compensation seems very wretched.

The teacher is one of the worst of the wage-slave classification, but she has up to now made it a point of honor to arrogate to herself a "professional" dignity and aloofness. She has imagined she has social standing because she occasionally gets an invitation to sit down at a bourgeois table. The leisure class, proper, would as soon introduce a butcher to their guests as a school teacher. It is only the working-class table which welcomes the teacher as an honored and respected guest, and *it is only the working class that sympathizes with her and will do anything to better her economic condition.*

The Chicago school teachers after turning from one thing to another in a hopeless effort to secure redress of their wrongs, buffeted by first this and then the other "respectable" organization, have at last decided that a false dignity maintained by semi-starvation and insults from political wire-pullers is not worth while. They have therefore turned to the only source of strength left them; the workingman and his ballot.

And the workers will not fail them, because, in working out their own salvation by class-conscious political ac-



tion the wage-working man must of necessity liberate also the wage-working woman from onerous conditions of servitude; and the wage-working child from all servitude whatsoever during its period of education.

Dr. Maxwell's "teachers' organization, with an influence transcending school-board ordinances and statutory enactments," is what might be called a pipe dream.

If he has any brains he must know this.

Unless the school teacher has a vote she can win her freedom only by getting someone to vote for her. The Socialists demand absolutely equal rights for all persons regardless of sex.

If the teacher really wants to be free she will soon find that her liberty does not lie in following gentlemen of such smoky intellect as Dr. Maxwell.

By looking the fact frankly in the face that she is a wage-earner and nothing else, that her problem is the common problem of all wage workers, she will have taken the first real step toward her emancipation.



The French "Nobility"      Someone in the French parliament who is real mean has introduced a bill to abolish titles in France. The social effects upon America of this abolition would shake us to our foundations. We have never stopped to think what a risky thing a title is in a country like France,—which calls itself a republic. The abolition of all titles of nobility in France was first accomplished in the early period of the French Revolution. In the furor for equality the most aristocratic "citizens" even dropped the "de" from their names. With the reaction after the terror, and the rise of the first empire, titles came back, and the ground then lost by the French democracy has never been wholly regained, although under the present republic the titles carry with them no political or other privileges from the state.

Despite this fact, however, American heiresses have hungered after the counts and marquises; and some of them have had their hunger well satisfied; witness, for example, Anna Gould and her Castellane.

If this gentleman of Europe and his dissolute and impecunious kind had to pay court to the daughters of American exploiters as just plain "misters," their finish would be quick and terrible. If they had no trumpery titles to sell to vulgar *bourgeois* purchasers they would have to go to work, and in going to work they would discover for the first time their actual value reckoned in the scale of men.

"Mr." Castellane's economic value, during certain periods of business "prosperity," might possibly rise to five dollars a week.

It is to be hoped the bill will pass the French parliament, not because of silly American women, but on account of the historical significance of such an action. If the last of these marks of the old-time eaters of human flesh should be positively and forever swept away, one phase of the spirit of the French Revolution would come to its own again after a century or more of aristocratic reaction.



**Fellowship Notes**      George D. Herron landed in America a week before Christmas after nearly two years' absence in Italy. He came to Chicago for New Year's week, and three members of the Fellowship thus got together—Herron, Brown and Wentworth. Mr. Brown came into Chicago from Michigan for the reunion and afterward resumed his speaking tour in Indiana and Ohio.

Two interesting addresses were delivered by Mr. Herron during his week's stay in Chicago. At each meeting the hall would not hold the audience. On the evening of January 1st he spoke at the Socialist Temple in Western avenue on "The Present Opportunity of Socialism," and on Sunday night, Janu-

ary 4th, at Drill Hall, Masonic Temple, down-town, on "Socialism of the Nation."

Franklin and Marion Wentworth will spend the last two weeks of January speaking in Massachusetts, where their itinerary is now being arranged by William Mailly of the Fellowship. They will speak at Paine Memorial Hall, Boston, January 25th, under the auspices of the Woman's Socialist Club, of which Bertha Howell, of 480 Boylston street, is secretary. The comrades at Rochester, N. Y., have arranged for their appearance before the Labor Lyceum of that city on their way east, and the trustees of Plymouth Church, of which Comrade Brown was formerly minister, have placed the church at their disposal, lighted, heated and sextoned, for Sunday morning and evening, requesting that Mrs. Wentworth speak in the morning and Mr. Wentworth in the evening.

Four members of the Fellowship will appear upon the platform of the Clarion Club at Cincinnati this season—Mr. Herron, Mr. Brown and Franklin and Marion Wentworth.

The club has issued a beautifully printed program, a copy of which may be obtained by addressing Clarion Club, Oddfellows' Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is safe to say that this course of lectures is easily the most unique and interesting planned for the winter anywhere in America.

Following are the speakers and dates:

January 11—"Socialism and Civilization." By Eugene V. Debs.

January 18—"The Fate of Democracy." By William Thurston Brown.

January 25—"Mother, Home and Child." By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

February 1—"The Leisure Class: A Study." By Franklin H. Wentworth.

February 8—"Tolstoy: The Typical Modern Democrat." By Ernest H. Crosby.

February 15—"Children—Their Education and Rights." By Bolton Hall.

February 22—"The Social Conscience." By Edwin Markham.

March 1—"Man's Right to Leisure—Even Luxury." By Richard Le Gallienne.

March 8—"The Democratic Spirit in Art and Literature." By Marion Craig Wentworth.

March 15—"The Ethics of the Class Struggle." By Prof. George D. Herron.

## The Finger-Boards to the Future

Franklin H. Wentworth in the New Year's issue of the Social Democratic Herald (Milwaukee).

Out of the haze of the future the fingerboards of two pathways loom indistinctly against the shifting social horizon. One of the fingerboards points to Reaction: the other points to Revolution. Which of these roads the peoples are to travel it is impossible at this historic moment to discern. A cascade of years may not disclose it:—a little twelvemonth may.

The cry of the unrequited toiler rises throughout the world as the new year comes in, and it finds as never before a sympathetic response in the hearts of the owners of opportunity. An honest spirit of paternalism now largely pervades the beneficiaries of the capitalist system. The rumblings of discontent have reached their ears, and, touched by them, they turn their faces toward amiable concessions.

Benevolence was never more needed in the world than now; but the undiscerning benevolence which ignores justice is as a rose eaten at the heart by blight.

In a society made up of classes whose material interests are diametrically opposed, it is obvious that benevolence can manifest itself only when one class considers itself economically secure. Benevolence is then the barren blossom of tyranny; and it is this false flower



that blooms beside the pathway of Reaction. The revolutionist recognizes it and fears its stupefying and deadly odor.

The productive forces of the world have reached a point at which substantial concessions can be made to the working class without jeopardizing capitalism: 'concessions that would satisfy the reactionist.

Reaction is not revolution; it is the enemy of revolution.

The reactionist stops short at the cessation of what he believes to be injustice with regard to himself. A philanthropic husk mitigates the sense of rebellion in him. He is a man of mere opposition. His shouts of liberty without reflection as to what liberty implies is but the rebellious instinct of the slave. He may win victories at times for himself and his contemporaries, but he leaves his children in slavery.

The revolutionist is a man of progress. He knows that a great aim can never be realized through vague sentiments of rebellion. He has a creed, a faith. He will pursue his forward march, whatever his individual position, so long as the evil endures. Without haste, without rest, he presses on to the higher good. He knows the cup of sacrifice, but he shrinks not back. He is building for the generations yet to come.

The reactionist grasps material interest at the heavy price of moral progress. He stifles the growth of revolution by blurring the essential lines of social conflict. It is a fatal error.

*Class domination can never be overthrown except by keeping the lines of the class struggle clearly defined.*

Trusting in the power of truth the revolutionist may neglect what are called tactics; he may renounce many of the elements of success, he may commit a thousand petty errors; but by indefatigably and intelligently enunciating the principle of the class struggle he will in the end redeem them all.

Which then is to prevail?

Shall the peoples accept the sop of a false benevolence, following the finger-

board of Reaction into another cycle of slavery?

Or shall they starve if need be, turning their faces resolutely toward the way of Revolution, the way of plenty, of honor, of heroism and of final liberty?

Without haste: without rest.

The eye of Faith peers into the gloom: she feels the dawn-wind caress her cheek; she hears afar off the voices of the watchers on the peaks, crying the morning.

The future is ours if we will have it so.



## The Bullies Go A'Hunting

"It's a fine day," said John Bull to Willie Hohenzollern. "Let's go out and kill something."

So these extreme types of civilization looked over the globe for some defenseless quarry.

Their eyes fell upon Venezuela as perhaps the most inoffensive thing in sight, so they strode across, jumped upon her with their heavy boots, kicked her in the face and then asked the president of the nation which unprotestingly stood by if he wouldn't please arbitrate.

It seems that English and German capitalists have been speculating in Venezuelan bonds, and the internal troubles of the little nation have prevented their interest payments.

Capitalism did it; capitalism, capitalism, capitalism.

The English and German governments being, as is every other government, the machinery of capitalist exploitation, capitalism had merely to give its orders and the killing machines coaled up.

Turkey owes both of these nations sums compared to which the Venezuelan debt is a bagatelle, but England and Germany know better than to play the bully in Turkish waters, because somewhat to the north of Turkey there is a nation which would not stand idly by while they did it.

If the Slav once got to moving south-west there would be nothing on the map between Asia and the English channel except Russia; and England has had her stomach full of quarrel with anyone who can fight, thank you.

The German people and the English people—that is to say the working class of these nations, have nothing to do with all this. Their countries do not belong to them. They are simply the patient oxen that tread out the corn—muzzled, too, while they do it.

Internationally *English* means English capitalism, and *German* means German capitalism.

The lie which masked this bullying expedition to Venezuela was vulgarly transparent. English and German "subjects" had been abused! That is to say some drunken sailors, trying to shoot holes in things while ashore had landed in Venezuelan jails and in the stress of internal revolution someone had forgotten about them.

So the brave and heroic Europeans stamp noisily across what is commonly misunderstood as the Monroe doctrine, and in roaring wrath demand "restitution" for abuse of their "subjects." That is to say they want *money*. Any insult to capitalism can always be settled by money.

"But," say these noble Europeans, "while you are making restitution for the insult to 'our flag,' won't you please also settle that little matter of those bonds?"

Ah! the dear, sly old things! They never dreamed anyone was lookin'.

This Venezuelan expedition is the first of its kind in modern history. It is made possible by the international character of capitalism. If the United States government had not been distinctly the expression of capitalism it would not have stood by while its friends of the same complexion were out foraging.

We are all tarred with the same brush. We are real blood brothers. Now that Germany has come into the game all

three of us have made war upon the little ones.

The English and German commanders in Venezuelan waters were evidently hungry to kill something real; they had been shooting at dummies so long. They had seen the American and the Spaniard shooting at one another and had itched to get into the game. To have a navy is to have the desire to use it. To blaze away at something and see it sink. Ah! that was joy indeed. So they did it. They did it while the little ones were signalling peace and parley. They sunk two ships and demolished a fort. No one offered any resistance. It was a "peaceful" blockade.

Will the president of the United States, in his wisdom, present to the "great" European nations the bill for the demolition of those ships and Fort Cabello, in case he should be the arbitrator? Will the Hague commission see to it, do you think?

## Latest From Venezuela

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

Caracas, Dec. 10.—(By Wordless Wires.)—The English and German governments have erected a saw-mill on Venezuelan soil guaranteed to turn out 1,262 ultimatums a day, or you get your money back if dissatisfied.

President Castro was presented with a wagon load of ultimatums before his morning bath. Picking one out at random he read:

### ULTIMATUM NO. 636.

Bill II. of Germany to President Castro of Troublezucla:

Prosit:—Mit der greatest hof bleasure, mine freund Castro, I make a presentations of der ultimatum once mit der number 636. Der Jerman ships are stationed alretty once oudside der Venezuela und unless you write mit a pen und ink pretty soon one check for der amounts once hof 6,000,000 marks ve vill shoot holes through der top of der Ven-



ezuela Carnegie Library yet alretty.  
Prosit once yet again. BILL II.

President Castro ordered the cook to serve up a few ultimatums on toast and then partook of breakfast.

"Unless," said Castro, to your lying correspondent, "Unless we manage to hit up a few more revolutions, earthquakes or yellow fever epidemics in this country, I'm going to leave it. There's been nothing doing around here for a month."

S. TEADY LYRE.

## Putting Down Socialism

By John Stone Pardee

(Editor of the Red Wing Argus.)

There must be something in this Socialist movement. A "national economic league," composed wholly of the better element, has been formed to fight it, which is usually a token of worth. This organization includes Lyman Gage and T. Jefferson Coolidge and Bishop Potter and Secretary Long and Levi P. Morton, who used to be vice-president, and Henry Clews, who writes those funny letters from Wall street, and Dryden of the Prudential and McCall of the New York Life and a brace of railways and a few other pharisees. And they have all the money they want. They announce in their invitation that they do not need money; all they want is the moral support of those to whom the circular is addressed.

Same old story—says the Egyptian to the Phœnician, Why is it that you fight for money while we fight for glory? says the Phœnician to the Egyptian, I suppose each fights for what he most lacks.

These gentlemen are fighting for national honor and asking for moral support. They have got money enough.

The fact that they have engaged in an educational campaign against Socialism leads one to suspect that there must be something in it.

By the same token Emperor William has been giving some good advice to the German workingmen. Don't be led

astray by these Socialist wolves, he tells them. They are trying to stir up the workingmen against their kind employers, he tells them, and against the better classes. Their sole object in life is to sow hatred and spread wicked slanders against the better element. And more of the same.

The German emperor never interferes between one political party and another. It would not be good form. Exactly as the English sovereign, representing the whole nation, cannot be allied with any part of the nation. But when prerogative is attacked, as the Socialists attack prerogative, the emperor takes sides.

Banks and railways and insurance companies in this country always kept out of politics and prided themselves on it. But when privilege was attacked they got into the game. And if the Socialist movement ever amounts to anything they will line up the beneficiaries of privilege for defense of the national honor as they never began to do in the Bryan campaigns. The fact that they are beginning to do it suggests again that there may be something in the Socialist movement.

## Joy's of the Agitator's Life

By John Spargo

Upon my second visit to the anthracite coal strike district I experienced one of those joys of the agitator's life which are above and beyond understanding.

As I came out of my hotel at Pittston a man who was a stranger greeted me by name.

"I wish, if you have time, you'd come to my house to see my wife and baby," he said.

His house was near by, so I went.

He introduced me first to his wife, then led the way to a dingy room where a little boy of perhaps a year and a few months lay asleep. Such a stuffy little room it was, where the sunlight could no more enter than in the caverns of the mine.

He pressed a fond kiss upon the child's brow and then turned to his wife. "Wife," he said, "this is the man who first told me about Socialism, and you ought to be thankful for that, for when I vote in the future I shall give a vote for you and the kid instead of a vote for the coal owner."

*"A vote for you and the kid."* Who shall say that that husband and father had not expressed in that speech of devotion the true spirit of our political philosophy?

\* \* \*

Sometimes the Socialist agitator, in common with every other propagandist of unpopular ideas, becomes weary. So much of the seed sown seems to fall on stony ground; so little seems to germinate.

Sometimes we continue our sowing with the heaviness of despair upon our hearts.

But there comes to each of us at times the deep joy of triumph. In the most unexpected times and places we find deep-rooted and flourishing plants where we had sometime cast chance seeds.

How often the tired agitator has gone to his bed sick at heart with the feeling that only the consciousness of wasted effort brings! And then, long after, some one has called him "Comrade," dating the comradeship from the meeting which he had thought of as a failure.

These are the joys of the agitator's life which are above and beyond understanding.

### Mr. Herron in Chicago

Calm, reposeful and serene, George D Herron stepped out upon the little platform of the Masonic Temple Drill hall, Sunday evening, and faced an audience which had been in its place since seven o'clock.

Men in rows six or eight deep were wedged between the rear and side seats and the walls, and women and children

sat packed together like sardines on the edge of the platform, at the feet of the speaker. Every available space was filled before 8 o'clock, and the doorway so jammed with people that either ingress or egress was thereafter impossible.

The Chicago newspapers had done all they could to prevent the gathering of



GEORGE D. HERRON

an audience; the Record-Herald, reporting that the meeting had already taken place the night before, and the Hearst American that it was to be Monday evening following. Had it not been for this kindly assistance many more people would have been unable to get in.

The audience was largely composed of those who were the constant attendants at the Central Music Hall lectures two years ago, and the welcome accorded the speaker was of a kind to warm the heart. Cheer after cheer waved back and



forth from one side of the hall to the other as he rose to speak.

Mr. Herron's voice seems fully restored, and in the two years during which he has not been heard in Chicago it has lost none of its richness. It is a compelling voice, with the deep, strong tones of a cathedral bell.

As the lecture was made from notes, no report of it is available.

The subject was the Co-Operative Life, and the keynote seemed to be that in the collective will lies the only force that can ever make the world a fit place to live in.

All religions the world has ever seen have been imposed for the purpose of preventing the operation of the collective will. They have been mere philosophies of submission, aiming at the subjection of the people. The world has, therefore, only advanced as the collective will has found halting expression in successive revolutions made against these imposed dogmas, both in church and state. Thus humanity can hope to

advance only as it forsakes all reliance upon any resources outside of the common life. The common life and its common aims, aspirations and efforts must be its own saviour. It makes even now its own heaven and its own hell.

Mr. Herron then addressed himself directly to the socialist movement, making clear the possibilities for mankind that lie in its unfoldment. He combated the narrow view of socialism which limits the co-operative idea to the production and distribution of things.

Socialism once accomplished in things; man once liberated from economic fear and dominated by the ideas generated by co-operation on the lower plane co-operative effort on the spiritual plane would begin. Here the race would for the first time get the vision of its true emancipation. Man would develop power now undreamed of, and the world at last be made out of what is now merely the chaotic waste of raw material.

## Latent Possibilities

By Eugene F. Ware

Dedicated in a spirit of amiability to those Chicago preachers who have just announced their intention of "stamping out Socialism" (with their mouths).

Once a Kansas zephyr strayed  
Where a brass-eyed bull pup played,  
And that foolish canine bayed  
At that zephyr in a gay,  
Semic-idiotic way.

Then that zephyr in about  
Half a jiffy took that pup.

Tipped him over wrong side up!  
Then it turned him wrong side out,  
And it calmly journeyed thence,  
With a barn and string of fence.

### MORAL.

When communities turn loose,  
Social forces that produce  
The disorders of a gale;  
Act upon a well known law,  
Face the breeze, but close your jaw—  
It's a rule that will not fail,  
If you bay it in a gay,  
Self-sufficient sort of way,  
It will land you, without doubt,  
Upside down and wrong side out.

# THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

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*Franklin H. Winwood*

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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## EDITORIAL

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never  
the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's  
great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border nor  
Breed nor Birth  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho'  
they come from the ends of the earth!  
—Rudyard Kipling.

**D**E SEGURS, in his memoirs, says that when the First Consul reached the Isle of Poplars he stopped at Rousseau's grave.

"It would have been better for the repose of France if that man had never lived," said he.

"And why, Citizen Consul?"

"Because he is the man who made the French Revolution."

"It seems to me that you, Citizen Consul, cannot complain of the French Revolution."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "the future must decide whether it would not have been better for the repose of the world if neither myself nor Rousseau had ever lived."

The controversy as to whether there is an Absolute Good and an Absolute Evil has engaged the speculation of philosophers and dialecticians ever since the human mind began to dabble in abstractions.

So far as concrete illustrations have ever been available these elements have been embodied only in the comparative degree.

In every man, however ignoble, there is something that may be classed as good, and in every man, however exalted, there is something that may be classed as evil.

Good and evil are purely relative, and one could never have been discerned nor recognized without the presence of the other.

If there had never been what we call a bad man we would not yet know what a good man is. We comprehend clearly one principle only as the opposite principle is made manifest.

Caiaphas thus helps us to understand Jesus; Napoleon helps us to understand Rousseau; Mr. Chamberlain helps us to understand Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Newell Dwight Hillis helps us to understand John Mitchell.

Sycophancy is never so transparent as when confronted by honesty. Light banishes darkness. Heat banishes cold.



It would not have been better for the repose of the world if neither Rousseau nor Napoleon had lived.

Repose is not slothful unprogression;—the dull incomprehension of the mollusk. Repose is the fine balance and harmony of highly sensitive organisms.

The writings of Jean Jacques stirred the masses from their dull submission to tyranny. The burning of his books in the market-place made a fire which illuminated all Europe and lighted up the fens and morasses of kingcraft.

Then followed the French Revolution.

The French Revolution was a blow in the dark, struck by discontent. It destroyed in its rage the only men qualified to serve it—the Physiocrats: Quesnay, Turgot, Condorcet, Mirabeau.

Napoleon stopped the blind slaughter by substituting slaughter with a purpose. He had a program; and he understood the people. He knew the mind darkened by tyranny. He knew that as soon as quiet was restored the people would yearn for some tyrant to rule them. Habits of mind are very strong. The Americans once invited George Washington to become king.

Napoleon rode to power on the rebound. He dramatized the principle opposite to that of Rousseau.

*These two men gave to the world a standard of judgment. Both lives served.*

Through the study of Rousseau's writings and Napoleon's acts the world climbed to an intelligence which renders another Napoleon, on the same plane, impossible.

Napoleon was made possible by a single fact: he found people willing to obey.

In the absence of public ignorance Napoleon could have been no more destructive than an ordinary thug.

*He showed to the world the awful price of ignorance when paid in blood.*

Napoleon's organizing ability finds its modern counterpart in Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. James J. Hill and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who are doing on the plane of industry what Napoleon did on the plane of mortality.

*The price of ignorance which the world paid to Napoleon in blood it is paying today to these gentlemen in worry, physical and spiritual starvation, and degrading economic fear.*

The principle known as good can make headway against the principle called evil only as the intelligence of humanity rises to the height

at which these principles can be discerned under the various shifting forms in which they are constantly finding residence.

Every soul seeks what it believes to be good for itself. Napoleon believed it to be good to conquer Europe. The burglar believes it for his good to rob your house.

There are no good men and no bad men; there are only intelligence and ignorance.

The military genius can express itself only as it finds absurd individuals who will wear cheap buttons of brass, walk together in the mud and fight for they do not know who for they do not know what.

The genius of exploitation can express itself only as it finds equally absurd individuals who are content to starve in a world of plenty, and give up the needed things they create to those who do not know what to do with them after they receive them.

As we banish ignorance, Napoleons and Morgans and burglars, finding no opportunities for their talents in the direction of what is called evil, must perforce become expressions of the opposite principle, which is called good.

## Each in His Own Tongue

By William Herbert Carruth

A fire-mist and a planet,  
 A crystal and a cell—  
 A jelly-fish and a saurian,  
 And caves where the cave men dwell;  
 Then a sense of law and beauty  
 And a face turned from the clod,—  
 Some call it Evolution  
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—  
 A mother starved for her brood,—  
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
 And Jesus on the rood;  
 And millions who, humble and nameless,  
 The straight, hard pathway trod,  
 Some call it consecration,  
 And others call it God.



# Is it Well With the Child?

BY MARY (MOTHER) JONES



If I had time I should like to write a much longer article than this one will be for the Socialist Spirit. I have but little time to write, but I feel that every word spoken or written tends to awaken the people to the horrors of the present system.

My knowledge of labor conditions has not been gained from interviewing the mine and mill superintendents while taking tea at their homes, as many investigators do, but by actual contact with the slaves themselves, by working and living with them, sharing their burden of oppression and hearing from their own lips their agonizing tales of torture.

One of the saddest cases in my experience was that of a little girl in one of the Southern mills. I met her in the early morning on her way to work. I asked her how old she was.

"Ten years old," she answered.

"And how much do you get for working?"

"Oh, I don't know how much I'll get this week, but I hope to get a dollar and a half. Mamma is sick and I want to get her some medicine."

The evening of the next day I saw the child carried from the mill with one hand gone—severed by the mill machinery. The shock killed the mother, and the child was left alone to battle with the world. There was no recompense for injury, of course.

Accidents like these happen every day and never get into the papers.

In the mills the toil of the children is ceaseless. The machinery needs constant watching and their undivided attention. Oftentimes the children's hair gets caught in the machinery and they are left completely bald. Their haggard faces and emaciated forms appeal to every human heart for redress.

These children must bear their wrongs in silence. Their masters' ears are deaf to pity. There is no one for the children to complain to. They rise in the dark, go to work in the dark, come to the hovels called "home" in the dark, for five months of the year.

In the mills the children in the mule spinning room walk twenty miles a day and those in the spindle room from twelve to fifteen miles.

I remember a band of little tots going out to the woods one Sunday to get some of the fresh air denied them during the week. In one home they left behind the eldest of four children, a little girl who lay sick upon a pallet of straw. Her mother pleaded with her to go also.

"Maggie, dear, do try and go, it will do you good."

"Oh, mamma, please let me stay here and rest so that I can go to the mill tomorrow," the girl pleaded.

On Tuesday her little form was stretched out in a pine board coffin, never again to go down the dirt road to that capitalistic hell.

As I looked at the calm sweet face with a smile of peace hovering about the lips I seemed to hear her say, "Thank God, the robbers cannot crucify me any more on the altar of their greed for the yellow gold."

To my last hour on earth I shall see the innocent faces of the dead girl's companions as they stood outside of the door and talked in whispers of the dead. One of them said at last:

"If that old woman who makes the bosses be good to us knew Maggie was dead she would surely come to the funeral."

"You mean old Mother Jones, Alice?" said another.

"Yes, I think she doesn't know how mean the boss is to us. He pulled my hair yesterday because I spoke to Jennie."

Then they turned to me and asked if I had ever seen Mother Jones, the old woman that makes the bosses give more pay.

"If she was here," one said, "she would make them let us go home before dark."

President Roosevelt's message to the 58th Congress contains not a word in defense or appeal for these helpless little ones. That would interfere with the greed of the robbing owners of industry. If there were a Socialist president, his first message to the law-makers would be an injunction to wipe out child labor.

Alice Roosevelt never worked in one of the capitalist slave pens. She had a joyous childhood, while thousands of proletarian children had to expend their youthful energy to create profits for capitalists.

I believe if Christ were here again and denounced this child murder our federal judges would send him to jail. When Christ said in the long ago, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," he showed that society

must take loving care of the babies, if we can ever hope for a better civilization.

And it is because the children of the workers are neglected and ill treated that we have cannibals around us today. While poodle dogs are being caressed upon pillows of down, human bodies are being wrecked and distorted and human souls are being destroyed in mills and mines and slums throughout Christendom.

So long as strikes are necessary to liberate these children and guarantee a better manhood and womanhood for the future I propose to be in and encourage strikes even though the capitalists who live in luxury from the life blood of babies should take my life, as they have many times tried to.

But my brothers, workingmen with the ballot, *you are a party to the murder of your own children, so long as you vote blindly for the ticket of your masters.* Wake up, boys of the mill and factory and workshops, and vote the Socialist ticket. Then I will live to see the workers' children in the schools and fields and playgrounds instead of being sacrificed to the god of Profit.

## The Juggernaut's Prey

BY GERTRUDE BRESLAU HUNT  
(The incidents of this sketch are true.)

### I.

One lovely June morning three and a half years ago an ambulance drove swiftly but carefully up to the door of Alexian Brothers Hospital in Chicago.

Four strong men came out of the building and carried the unconscious occupant of the ambulance gently and sadly up to the accident ward and laid him on a white cot.

They were accustomed to such sights, for there were hundreds of cots so occupied in this hospital alone, and a

dozen other similar hospitals in the city, but they remarked softly of this patient's youth—only about twenty-two years old—and the remarkable beauty of his face.

The thick, soft brown hair was matted with blood; great beads of agony stood on his high, white brow; the big beautiful brown eyes showed through the half-closed lids.

He had the face and figure of a young Greek.

The doctors came and rendered such



service as they could, but there was no hope of saving his life; more than half the bones in his body were broken, and he was frightfully bruised from head to feet. Adding to the horror of it all the tortured patient became conscious, and begged piteously to be put out of his misery.

Then, saddest sight of all, there came his mother; alone, clothed in widow's black, with trembling hands, stumbling feet and ashen face, carved deep with lines of grief. She said little—a few commonplace German words. She dared not trust herself to speak a word of tenderness lest she should break down. Upon her self-control depended her permission to remain; besides, one word served almost as well as another, for no word has ever been coined in any language that could picture what she felt. She had learned how to exercise self-control long ago.

Had she not buried two sons and her husband over in Germany?

One son had died nobly, they had told her, serving in his country's navy; one got mixed up in a quarrel when he and his comrades were drinking and playing cards, as soldiers do to while away the time, and had been shot.

The family had been well-to-do, but in the year of the great financial crash they had somehow lost all their fortune, and her husband had died two weeks later of pneumonia—and despair, she knew. Their son Otto was her youngest child. They two were the last of the family. She had come to America to save him from being forced into the army. He had become a machinist, and for a year past had been employed in the great manufacturing establishment of Herman Conrad on Twenty-second street. Now her only child and her last hope of earthly happiness lay crushed and wrecked before her.

## II.

In the Conrad manufacturing concern on Twenty-second street there was felt considerable anxiety. Otto Yeager was a fine young man, and had been a great

favorite with his fellow workmen. He had been trying to adjust the great belt that morning, and had somehow been caught and whirled around until the machinery could be stopped; then picked up nearly dead and hurried to the hospital. The men looked sad; some of them sullen. The manager, Tom Kennedy, felt miserable. This was the fourth victim of that belt. It would be the second death. He had wanted to ask for a safety-belt attachment—had hinted to his employer about it. He was told that his predecessor had been discharged because he had not known how to run things economically, and the profits had been too small. There was no end to the new safety devices being put on the market, and if employers purchased them they would soon be bankrupt. This particular item in their case would necessitate an expenditure of five hundred dollars. The men were perfectly safe if they were careful. A careless workman would get hurt with the best appliances, etc. They had nothing to do with any damage cases resulting from these accidents unless the court awarded a judgment exceeding \$5,000. All the men were insured in an English casualty company. An employer might have his sympathies so touched because of his personal acquaintance with the victim of the accident and the facts thereof that he would be moved to unbusinesslike—that is, unprofitable, generosity. The English casualty company was notified by telephone of the details of young Yeager's accident.

This firm's other accidents had been easily managed. One man had no relatives to make a claim, the Polish boy, ignorant of his rights, had signed a release for one dollar, and he was now being taken care of by the community in its poorhouse, a despised pauper.

Ole Larsen had lost his right arm, and had sued for damages, but long before the delay period of the law was up his landlord, grocer and coal man had refused him credit, and in despair he had settled for one hundred dollars to stave

off starvation, just as they had expected he would. Who wouldn't?

But this time the claim agent felt uneasy. This was an only son, sole support of a widow, and of intelligent family, the report stated. These facts would impress a jury. He would need to use every cunning argument and strategem to dodge this claim. His company was rather dissatisfied with him; he had been forced recently to make partial payment of several claims in some elevator cases which threatened certain defeat in the courts. He spoke to Harcourt, an Englishman, the casualty company's attorney in Chicago. Harcourt replied, "It's a wonder these eagle-screaming, patriotism-drunk Americans don't copy our employers' liability law, forcing the industry to which a man gives his life or limb to pay a fixed pension—two-thirds of his wages. But no, here they throw their victims back onto the community. Don't be blue, you can always say it was his own fault and he assumed his own risk. You can make a woman believe it. Get her to sign the release as soon as possible, while she's crying. Tell her some people will take blood-money and seem glad of a death in the family when they have a claim for damages, and all that lingo."

The next day the claim agent came in, took off his hat and wiped his brow. He said to Harcourt, "Well, I'm in luck this time. That Yeager boy's death is one of those 'will of God' cases. His mother told me it was God's will that her boy was taken, and that she would do nothing to push any claim she might have. I got my release signed without a murmur. I was mightily relieved, I tell you. I have ordered five dollars' worth of flowers sent up there."

### III.

The Conrad Manufacturing Company advertised for a machinist. Many applications were received, and Magnus Leslie, a bright, strong young Scotch-American was engaged to fill Yeager's place.

His father was a machinist, and both were members of the union. After Yeager's death there had been considerable talk of putting in the necessary machinery to make it possible to adjust the belt without risk of life or limb, but Herman Conrad had previously arranged to start for Europe in ten days from that time, and was too busy to take up the matter then, so it was deferred until his return. The old engineer, John Morris, told Magnus of the previous accidents and urged him to be careful.

"It makes my bread taste mighty bitter to me when I think how a few hundred dollars less profit in one year might have saved those four lads ahead of ye," he said with a sombre face.

Magnus Leslie was a good workman, a sober, careful man; yet early in September of that busy year while adjusting the belt he lost his equilibrium for an instant, threw out his hand to regain his balance, his fingers touched some cogs and were drawn in. He screamed for them to throw the machine out of gear. He put out one leg to brace against something—he knew not what—in the blindness of his agony, and strained to pull his arm out of the relentless cogs; he even succeeded—but his foot had caught in another set. John heard his scream and stopped the machinery almost in the minute, but Magnus was carried to the ambulance with his right hand and left foot terribly mangled.

We must make our story brief, there are so many such. Two months later Magnus was taken home from the hospital nearly well but a helpless cripple—the dearest hopes of his life crushed. What man dare hope for wife and children under such circumstances? What man cares for life and youth without these hopes? He and his father talked over the matter of their damage claim and decided to fight for all the courts would give. They hoped to make the jeopardizing of lives an unprofitable thing for this "business" house. So far



the lives sacrificed had been cheaper than the saving device.

The claim agent for the casualty company tried every argument upon them without success. Finally seeing a Bible lying on a table he asked Magnus if he did not think these misfortunes were the will of God. "I think your question the essence of blasphemy," Magnus answered quietly, "but if I did not I should try to discover if it were not God's will to make you fellows pay so much that no other man's life should be risked and wrecked as mine was."

Magnus Leslie was given a judgment of \$20,000 in the court. Then the casualty company and Conrad firm began to wrangle, for the firm was jointly responsible when the claim exceeded five thousand dollars. The casualty company told Conrad they would not insure his men if he was so negligent about supplying his establishment with up-to-date appliances. The Conrad firm replied that if they had all these things they could dispense with a casualty company.

About this time Magnus' father was discharged from a position he had filled for several years. It was not hard to guess the reason. His employer belonged to the same combine as the Conrad firm. It was hoped by pressure of poverty to force the Leslies to settle their claim for a quarter of the judg-

ment rendered, but the machinists' union helped them along until another place was found. John Morris brought the good news that over one thousand dollars' worth of protective devices had been put in—belt adjusters, cog coverings, etc. Two weeks ago Magnus received the amount of his judgment, but he looked at his check sadly as he held it in his left hand. It meant much to have enough to keep himself comfortable, but no money could compensate him for his loss. His three years of leisure and suffering had been fruitful of much thought. He saw the real cause of his misery and the misery of an army of other maimed fellow-creatures; the vast numbers who suffer poverty and nameless degradation, though not maimed, owe it to an economic system of competition and profit. Life, beauty, quality, all were ruthlessly sacrificed to cheapness.

He looked out of the window upon a fairy white landscape so blindingly beautiful, and groaned: "O God, how long will we fight each other like beasts, trail over the glory of nature with blood, grind up strong men, sweet women and tender children into profit, eat the bitter bread of greed, nurse hate and walk abroad with crime, when all that is needed to make life sweet and full is stored so abundantly about us?"

## Why the Teachers Did It

BY CORINNE S. BROWN

The Chicago Teachers' Federation have joined the Federation of Labor and have thereby created a diversity of opinion among those who have been interested in the progress of public education.

To the student of economics the recognition by different workers of their mutual and reciprocal interests simply indicates the growth of clear consciousness,

or, in other words, the progress of conscious human unity.

To the average person, however, this action is either a clever *coup*, worthy the appellation of statesmanship, or a mistaken policy, which will result in a lowering of their professional standing. It is condemned or justified according to the prejudice of the critics.

The decision to join the labor organization was not made hastily. It was the subject of much thought and many consultations with friends, many of whom are not and cannot be connected with labor ranks in any way.

The teachers were formed into a defensive organization five years ago by pressure from without. They found they were tending to mere automatism;—they were expected to obey rather than teach. Their duties were increased while their salaries were cut. They were given a larger number of pupils. They were expected to furnish materials needed in their work with their own money. Whenever the school budget was short they were treated as all large forces of employees are treated, made to supply the deficiency by having their wages lowered. Their salaries were cut in several ways. Time was shortened at the beginning and end of the school year, salary withheld in part or whole for some months.

This treatment drove the teachers, as it has driven all workers, into a defensive organization. The more intelligent the workers the more rapidly the principle takes effect.

This organization made the discovery that school funds were low because the corporate interests of the state and city were evading their just payment of taxes. Their taxes were neither assessed nor collected, and that by a series of evasions which made it difficult to explore and bring to light. The work was done, however, and the federation encouraged by organized womanhood and by the reform forces of the community.

The teachers had early found it well to unite with the Women's Club movement for moral and sympathetic support. But they have now reached a point where they need the support of

an organization with voting power. Corporate interests have not relished increased taxation and are preparing to resist in every possible way. The latest is to cause a bill to be prepared by the Civic Federation which shall really take the control of the Chicago Schools out of the hands of the people and vest it more strongly in the State Legislature. This means a lightening of the term, a curtailment of the good work of the schools.

Where could the teachers look for help? Not to the Chicago Athletic or Union League Club, not to the Commercial or the Iroquois Club. The membership of these clubs is too closely allied to the Civic Federation.—They were forced to unite with a body of men who could understand their position, men who realize what it is to become a mere cog in a wheel, to be discharged without right of appeal, to be treated as if their employment were a favor, to have their salaries cut at will, to give extra work without pay. Men of this understanding are in the ranks of organized labor. And so the teachers have been admitted to the Chicago Federation of Labor. Moreover, these men are directly interested in the schools. Eighty-five per cent of the people in the city are working men; their children attend the public schools; they know what it means to be educated. They issued a statement concerning the schools unsurpassed in its comprehension of the scope and value of the newest pedagogic thought. And the teachers in joining them have found a force who can appreciate their needs; understand the animus of their enemies, and who are, through their children, directly and personally concerned in everything the public schools and teachers need. All opposition to this union is the fruit of snobbishness or misunderstanding.





# The Evolution of a Brother

BY WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN



The greatest word in the human vocabulary is "brotherhood." That word stands at once for the quest of the ages and for the goal of the evolutionary process. Two sorts of forces are at work for its realization and two very different philosophies exist as to the method by which this hope of humanity is to find fulfillment. One of these is the philosophy of the spiritual; the other is the materialistic philosophy. The first is the philosophy of religion; the second is that of science.

One of the discoveries of modern times is the fact that the phenomenon of religion is not limited to any one race or nation of antiquity. Whatever has stirred the souls of men in one race or nation has also touched the souls of men in other races and nations. Humanity is one—one in its ancestry, one in its nature, one in its real interests, hopes and ideals. Instead of having one single lineage, whether physical or ethical, we have many, and all of them have much in common. Instead of finding in Christianity a universal religion, which has been the dream of so many people, the universal exists not in one but in all. No religious rites have been universal or ever will be. The same is true of religious doctrines. The universal element is the ideal, the spirit, the purpose, with which those men of different races and centuries have been inspired whose names today are associated with the great religions of the world.

When you think of the vast stretch of time of which we have some record, one fact stands out above all others. On these two hemispheres, separated from each other by oceans whose surface had never been furrowed by a ship's prow; on these continents, separated by wastes of sand, by trackless wildernesses, and

by impassable mountain ranges, utterly ignorant of one another and oblivious of the multitudes of men dwelling even then in other parts of the earth, with no conception of future time and its wonderful achievements, men have lived who cherished one common aspiration, one absorbing ideal.

In China, in India, Persia, Egypt, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Britain, Greece, Italy, Iceland, Peru, Mexico, and in the very land we call our own, there lived thousands of years before the Christian era men whose minds were possessed by similar ideals. We have been made more or less familiar with the names of Zoroaster, the reputed founder of the Parsee religion, which numbered its myriad adherents long before Abraham was born; of Moses, the reputed founder of that religion to which we are indebted for our bible; of Confucius, the greatest prophet of China; of Sakya-Muni, the Buddha; of Jesus, the prophet of Christianity.

We know something about the ancient mythologies of the Hebrews and the Scandinavians, of the Greeks and the Romans. There has been opened to us by the investigations of men like Max Muller a vast store of information bearing upon the history of religion. We are learning that no religion can separate itself from the rest and claim to be the sole repository of the truth. It was believed for centuries that Abraham was the father of the Hebrew race and therefore in some sense the founder of its religion. But if there is any truth at all in the story of Abraham which is enshrined in the Book of Genesis, he originated no religion. He was a Parsee. That was the religion of his childhood and of his ancestors for centuries before him. Whatever religious ideas he

held had been derived from the faith of his time and nation. The same thing can be said of all the great prophets of religion whose names are known to us. They were all heirs of a long past, some of them of a past extending far back beyond all records.

None of these men was the founder of a religion. In every case the religion attributed to any of these men was founded by others after the prophet himself had died. These great teachers and prophets of antiquity were not religious men. They were men who found the existing religion inadequate and futile. The one thing they all had in common was an ideal, an inspiration, a longing, a conviction. They were idealists, poets, dreamers. The story of Kung-Fu-Tzee, whose influence among the Mongolians of Eastern Asia, comprising a third of the population of the earth, has reached even to the present time; the story of the young Hebrew whose lot seems to have been to grow to manhood under the tutelage of an Egyptian princess and whose name stands at the head of the prophets of the Jewish religion; the story of the young prince of northern India whose life and teachings were destined to become the religious inheritance of three hundred and fifty millions of people; and the story of the young Galilean carpenter who nineteen hundred years ago enunciated the gospel of love in Palestine, are all alike in this, that they were moved to their careers by the same purpose.

Whether you think of Confucius twenty-five hundred years ago in the broad valley of the Yang-tse-kiang, or of Moses tending Jethro's flock on the mountain slopes of western Arabia, or of the sad-hearted Gautama changing the garments of a prince for the rags of a beggar and for six years wandering through his father's kingdom, or of the prophet of Nazareth taking the road that led from his Galilean home to the death of the cross, you are thinking of men who were possessed by a common ideal.

It was the contemplation of the world they lived in, the sense of something lacking without which life could not be a good thing, and belief in the possibility of a better relationship between man and man, that made these men what they were and what they have been for all these centuries.

These men were not scientists—there were none in that distant day. They were dreamers. Not one of them was moved to the course he took by the power of self-interest. They had nothing to gain and everything to lose by the course they followed. The Buddha was heir to an empire. In his home was everything to live for, from the common point of view. No outward compulsion made him a mendicant. It was rather the sense of the need of a better existence for the people of his realm that led him to lay aside all the prerogatives of rank. These men and scores of others whose names we shall never know sacrificed all that men naturally hold dear for the sake of their ideals. They were the early prophets of brotherhood, for that was the substance of their hope and faith.

Of course, there is almost nothing in the religions which are named for these men that bears a close resemblance to what the men themselves stood for. And yet, in some sense these religions are witnesses to the power of those heroic souls. Sooner or later the real nature of the trust bequeathed by them to us will be discovered. For long centuries religion has had its eyes fastened on a phantom world of the future. It has had no thought of this world. It has been thinking of a brotherhood, but a brotherhood to be realized only in the world to come—a conception which seems never to have occurred to Moses or Jesus.

And what is the philosophy of religion concerning this problem which meant so much to the hearts of the great prophets of the past? It is the belief of religious people that brotherhood is to be realized only by the operation of

what are called spiritual forces. The decisive influences are to come from above rather than from below. Fundamentally, religion is monarchical, aristocratic, in no sense democratic. "The evolution of a brother," Religion is saying, "is a spiritual evolution. You can have brotherhood on the earth only as you make men better. Only good men can make a good society. Let the religious institution teach the fatherhood of God and arouse a new conscience, and the problem is solved."

It may be worthy of note that this spiritual philosophy has had almost sole possession of men's minds for untold centuries. It has been, until recent time, practically the only philosophy of moral development entertained by any one. What have we to show for it? What progress has it made toward the realization of brotherhood? It must be confessed that it has not been a howling success. Nothing in men's religion has hindered them from entering into war with the religious men of another nation. The nations of Europe have been Christian nations for a thousand years and more. And during the greater part of that time they have been at war with one another.

No human institution has been so nearly universal as what may be called the Church. In one form or another it has sway over nearly a billion of the earth's inhabitants. It claims to affect the moral nature of men and women. Its appeal is to the spiritual rather than the material. Its message is delivered in accordance with a carefully framed philosophy. Colleges and seminaries all over the world are devoted to the preparation of men for its ministry. Are the results achieved at all in proportion to the outlay of effort? The question must be answered in the negative. Brotherhood is not being realized by the institution of religion. It has had no influence upon the cessation of war. Indeed, there are no more zealous champions of war than the recognized leaders of the church *when the little politi-*

*cal division to which they chance to belong finds a pretext for war.* Brotherhood between nation and nation or between race and race, if it had to wait for religion to bring it about, would never come at all. Religion has had no discernible effect in creating sentiment in favor of international peace.

What is true of international affairs is even more strikingly true in the internal commercial life of nations. What effect has the appeal of religion had upon commerce or industry? No more than the whistling of the wind. It cuts no figure in the industrial world. That world is absolutely untouched by it. Here are about twenty-five millions of people in this country who are members of churches. Probably three-fourths or more of the population come directly or indirectly under the influence of religion. The church puts its hand on all of us in one way or another. Its philosophy is in the air. Advertisements of its meetings stare us in the face on all sides. Sermons by famous divines are syndicated and published every week by the million. There is a surfeit of religion.

And yet, there is not a living man who can go into the Stock Exchange and tell which men are church members and which are not. *There is absolutely nothing in the ordinary routine of any part of our present industrial system that can possibly indicate the existence of Christianity.* Religion has no more to do with our industrial system than the moon's phases have. It is as remote from that sphere as the farthest star. There is no connection between them.

Suppose an evangelist comes to your city, invited by its associated ministers. A large auditorium is hired. An immense chorus is organized. Every arrangement is made for the success of the movement. The stores are closed on certain days, that everybody may have opportunity to attend. All the churches are united in prayer for the success of the meetings. The most stirring appeal is made to the sympathies of those who



attend. Every possible influence is brought to bear. As a result, we will say that five or ten or twenty or even fifty thousand persons intimate a purpose to lead a new life, to be Christians. We will suppose that they are all received into the various churches and come at once under the care of the pastors of the city. They are claimed as soundly converted. They are "saved." Their sins have been forgiven. And the religious people of the city are filled with joy over the repentance and conversion of so many sinners.

Now, stop a moment and think. Does a great change immediately take place in the commercial and industrial life of the city? Do employers pay larger wages? Are the trades unions disbanded, being no longer necessary? Does the labor question subside and disappear? You know that nothing of the kind takes place. *Everything goes on precisely as it went before.* Wages do not rise. Trusts and trade unions are not dissolved. The labor question does not disappear. A stranger coming into the city and visiting its places of business could not tell who of those he saw were church members and who were not. *He could not discover from anything he saw in their conduct which were believers and which unbelievers.*

The fact that a man is a member of a church reveals nothing whatever as to his relations to his fellows. It has no bearing on that question, and it cannot have. Religion has nothing to do with that sphere of activity. *And the fact that it has not discredits its claims and invalidates its philosophy.*

There is a place in this world for the materialistic philosophy, and that place is first. It was one of the greatest exponents of the Christian religion, Paul, who declared that "that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural." And that is the order in the evolution of brotherhood.

The greatest book written by the late Prof. Drummond bore the title, "The Ascent of Man." It was the first of a

series which he intended to write in elaboration of the evolutionary philosophy. It embraces a description, with copious illustrations and proofs, of the evolution of the human species from the primal cell to man, body, mind and soul. Two chapters are entitled respectively, "The Evolution of a Mother," and "The Evolution of a Father." *It is noteworthy that the book contains no chapter on the evolution of a brother.* It is probable that Prof. Drummond intended to write such a book, though it could not have been complete, because the process of evolution by which a brother is to be produced has not been finished.

The evolution of a mother begins at the very genesis of life. The evolution of a father began long afterward. And the evolution of a brother began last of all. Motherhood was a necessity to the very process of evolution and was therefore at the very beginning. Motherhood was implicit in the first cell, at the very dawn of life. Motherhood was the first thought of Nature. Fatherhood was an after-thought. Sex did not exist at the beginning. It is a product of evolution. There are forms of life in which fatherhood has no existence. There are none in which motherhood is not present.

Motherhood, Fatherhood, Brotherhood: these are the three great words of evolution. They mark in their order the three stages through which the evolution of the universe must pass. It is easy to see the status of each of these attributes of human life. Every female that comes into the world is born with the maternal instinct. Motherhood is innate in womanhood. It is not simply involved in her sex. It seems to grow and blossom in the female character. That cannot be said so truthfully of fatherhood. The human male has the capacity of fatherhood in common with the males of all the other animals. But the male of the human species does not universally have the sense of responsibility and the instinct of self-sacrifice which justly belongs to that estate. In

other words, fatherhood has not reached the perfection of development among men that motherhood has among women. It has far less of moral or ethical quality. Where you will find one woman willing to abandon her child, you will find a thousand men who are indifferent as to what becomes of the children whom they have begotten. Fatherhood still waits for its highest unfolding. *And it will never be realized until the absolute economic equality of the sexes is established.*

Now, brotherhood is not involved in motherhood. Motherhood existed for millions of centuries, perhaps, before the first suspicion of brotherhood appeared. Brotherhood first saw the light when a family or communal life began. The germs of that life are to be found among the lower animals—but only the germs. Associated life begins at a very low stage, and many illustrations of it will suggest themselves: flocks of geese, herds of deer and buffalo, packs of wolves, villages of prairie dogs, tribes of monkeys, swarms of bees, hills of ants, and so on.

But these primitive forms of association involve no ethical element. Members of the same pack of wolves are as likely to kill each other at times as they are to prey upon animals of a different sort. *With the beginning of a communal human life the evolution of brotherhood on that plane began.*

What definition shall we give to that word, "brotherhood?" What can satisfy its meaning in the light of our hopes and aspirations? To the mind of the world's seers, it means such a social state as shall realize justice and love between man and man. It is that condition of human society in which every man's toil shall be the expression of his love for his fellow. The happiest toil in which a man can engage is that which he knows is directly ministering to the welfare of those whom he loves. Brotherhood is a social system under which labor finds its highest incentive not in the desire for gain, but in the

wish to serve and in the passion to express one's self.

Where today is to be found the closest approach to brotherhood? Shall we say, "In the family?" Something of the spirit of brotherhood certainly exists between the different members of a family. But that spirit is limited in its scope. It cannot operate between these members of the family *after they leave the place they call home.* It cannot exist between them in the world of trade. It is only the fact that the interests of a family are common that makes brotherhood possible there. The same principle prevails everywhere. Wherever identity of interests exists, there you will find some approach to brotherhood.

Nowhere is this more strikingly seen than in the realm of industry. No such approach toward brotherhood can be discovered in any church or religious denomination as is to be found in the relations which exist between employers or men of wealth associated in a corporation or a trust, or in the feeling which will be found in the various labor organizations. *Not in the whole history of the Christian Church can anything be found to parallel the sense of brotherhood and the expression of fraternity which were seen among workmen during the recent strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania.*

That condition has come about naturally. It is an essential part of evolution. The same thing did not exist a hundred years ago. Then employers of labor did not sustain to each other the relations they do today. They were anything but brothers. They were competitors. Today they are co-operators. The same principle applies to workingmen. Until labor was socialized through the factory system, workingmen were competitors, and the Trades-Union movement as it exists now had not been heard or thought of. It was only when laborers began to find that their interests were identical that the Trades-Union movement was born. That movement, selfish and sordid as it some-



times is in its purpose and motive, is to be one of the most potent means of hastening the evolutionary process out of which brotherhood shall emerge. Indeed, all the forces of industrial and commercial life are contributing to that end. And no other forces are capable of doing so much to compass such a result.

In the early stages of the Trades-Union movement the bond that held the men together was weak and uncertain. There were men in the movement, as there are now, who only wanted a chance to climb up into the other economic class to betray and desert their comrades. Probably there are scores who would do that now. But conditions are all the while making it impossible. The economic evolution is cementing the working class more firmly together every year. They are finding out with increasing certainty that their interests are identical, that the welfare of all means the only possible welfare of each. That is the educational process that commerce is maintaining—training a vast multitude of men for brotherhood.

To the man who has been accustomed all his life to think that moral progress could be realized only by the operation of purely spiritual forces I can understand how hard it is to believe that the most potent factors for the realization of the ideal of religion are to be found in the selfish industrial and political struggle, just as it is hard for the man who all his lifetime has been accustomed to think that the earth is flat to accept the idea that it is round. It must be a difficult task for the man who has lived his intellectual life within the narrow circle of a conception of the universe as miraculous in origin to adjust

his mental processes to the new world of thought uncurtained by the evolutionary philosophy.

We would doubtless like to believe that the soul of man was breathed into his body by a deity. But we are obliged to accept the idea that the soul of man is just as much the product of evolutionary processes as his body is. It does not follow that the soul is not something higher and more permanent than the body, nor that we bury all that constitutes the man when we put his body in the grave.

It is hard for men to get it out of their minds that prayer is more useful than education. We would like to hold on to some of the old superstitions which have such sacred associations for us, even when we know them to be superstitions. But we shall sometime see that the material must precede the spiritual. Man had a body ages before he had an intellect. And it is idle to hope for the fulfillment of any aspiration of the soul of man until those material processes are completed that make such condition possible.

Brotherhood is beginning to take shape between the different members of the same class in the social order. But brotherhood has no existence between persons belonging to different economic classes. Indeed, brotherhood must remain unfulfilled between members of the same class until the interests of all men are made identical. In the last analysis there can be no such thing as a real brotherhood except between equals. Not until men and women are placed upon a basis of economic equality can the bud of brotherhood burst into its fragrant blossom. That blossom is Socialism.





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